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Burnt Wings.

How deep a life has love! Three years of pain
Have not aroused me from my overthrow;
Three summers washed with showers of scented rain—
Three winters whitened with the silent snow,
Have left me comfortless, and like to one
Who stands half conscious in a crowded street,
And seeking for his mem'ry that is gone,
Forgets the purpose that should guide his feet.
O where is Pity, that a maid should say
Sweet things unfelt and blight a life in play?

And where is Reason, that a man should cling
To dead dreams and delusions of his youth;
Is Life so small that I may only sing
One song, and die because of one untruth?
No, I am young in God's great wilderness
Of beauties, why then faint upon the brink?
I will go forward for new happiness,
And in the search forget the broken link.
Forget? I do not forget myself indeed,
To think that Reason should have pow'er to plead.

On such a quest I now find Promethean sparks,
With passions locked up and the gold key lost,
I should mistake all weathercocks for larks,
And in a low mist of summer morn for frost.
I cannot bid one-half my heart be still,
And if I could, it is not in my power,
A maid to gratify her own sweet will,
Asked for my love to wear it as a flower—
O what a hope of joy! What need to say
I gave it, and she flung the thing away.

"NO. 411."

A Convict's Story.

"411?"

"That's me, sir."

"Let me see your arm."

"It's all right, sir."

"All right, is it? In my humble opinion it's as wrong as wrong can be."

411 looked down at the bruised flesh and broken bones he had affirmed to be "all right" with a half-contemptuous smile, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, laid quietly watching the white hands of the young doctor as he prepared splints, bandages, etc., and commenced the work of setting the bone, now rendered doubly difficult by the swelling of the bruised flesh.

The light of the setting sun stole into the room, illuminating with a sudden glory the bare walls and comfortless surroundings, and throwing into strong relief the two figures which gave life to the picture. The doctor's frank, good-humored face, slight easy figure, and air of careless good-breeding, could not have been out of place under any circumstances; but the other seemed strangely in unison with, and yet in contradiction to, his surroundings. His muscular frame might have served as a model for strength and beauty—a Hercules in prison dress! His hands, roughened and hardened by toil, had been as slender and well shaped as the doctor's own. His face, bronzed by exposure to all weathers, was still high-bred and refined—aquiline features, clear brave eyes, and, above all, the close-cropped hair of a convict. He had that air of reserve, totally distinct from rudeness, which only well-bred people possess, and which impresses even the most vulgar and obtuse.

Though the sensitive mouth betrayed his delicate, nervous organization, nothing could be more stoical than the composure with which he bore the torture he was suffering.

"Why on earth, man, don't you say something or cry out?" exclaimed the doctor, half impatiently.

Noticing the gathering whiteness round his patient's lips, the doctor hastily poured something in a glass, and, bidding him drink it, went quickly on with his work. After a few minutes' silence he glanced up suddenly.

"What's that?" pointing to a small blue figure on the brawny wrist.

"That? Oh! my crest. I did it when I was a boy," said the man indifferently.

"Your crest?"

"Did I say that?" and a flush crept over his face. "I must have been dreaming; people do dream sometimes, don't they?"

The doctor did not answer, but looked keenly at him, as he turned away his head with a short, embarrassed laugh.

"What is your name?"

"No. 411."

"I don't mean that, I mean your *name*," persisted the doctor.

"Jim Brown."

Dr. Harris laughed.

"Jim Brown! Why don't you say Bill Scroggins? One name would suit about as well as the other."

411 frowned slightly.

"Why should I tell you my name?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer—"unless because I want you to. That crest on your arm is very like my own. I thought perhaps we were related."

"And if we were? You wouldn't own me?"

"Why not? I'm not a bad fellow in my way, neither do I think you are? Why shouldn't I own you?"

The man raised himself on his arm and looked searchingly in the doctor's face.

"A convict?" he said, slowly.

"Well," said the doctor, dryly, "I don't see much society except convicts, at present, and I can't say but what I like them as well as I do those who think themselves a good deal better. I've found out it isn't always the worst that are caught, by any means. I'm a 'radical,' you must know," he added, quaintly, "and very much disapproved of by the family."

411 looked out into the gathering darkness for some minutes, and then said, quietly:

"Well, sir, if you care to hear a convict's story, sit down awhile. I've never told it to any one, and I don't know why I should tell it to you; but the mood's on me, and I might as well talk as think, maybe; and then you've guessed my secret partly—at least, you know I'm not Jim Brown"—and a smile flashed across his face. "How old do you think I am?" he continued.

Dr. Harris looked at the powerful frame of the man—at the strong, hard lines in his face.

"Between forty and fifty, I should say?"

"Thirty-six, yesterday. I was twenty-four the day I was sentenced; a pleasant way of celebrating one's birthday, wasn't it? There was a lot of stuff in the papers about my 'youth,' and my being so 'hardened.' Did they think I was going to beg for mercy?—not I! I've been out here twelve years now, and escaped twice and been caught again; but I'll try it once more some time."

"You ought not to tell me that," said the doctor, smiling.

"Why not? They watch me all the time, anyway. Just give me some water, will you? Thanks. Well, I ought to commence with my name, I suppose. It is Edward Tracy. I was the second son of a Northumberland squire, who had just enough money to keep up the place for my brother, and no more. A fine old place it was, and the only happy days I can look back to where spent there. That was when I was boy—home for the holidays, eager about cricket and foot-ball, and to whom a gun and the range of the rabbit-warren were perfect happiness. After a while, it was unpleasant enough. My brother—a lazy, good-looking fellow, who knew how to ride and to shoot, and only that—was the idol of my mother and sisters. All deferred to him except little Mary, my pet, who used to follow me round like a kitten. Poor little girl! I wonder if she ever thinks of me now. Younger sons in a poor family have a hard time of it. I only wonder more don't go to the bad than do. Brought up as gentlemen, they are then thrown upon their own resources, to live by their wits, either in some beggerly profession, or as hangers-on, where there are many rich relations. They must put up with being snubbed and thrown over, whenever they come in the way—made use of and then cast aside; at least, such was my experience. I was proud and passionate, and so felt these things more than others, I dare say.

I wanted to go into the army, but my father said he couldn't afford it—I "would be always getting into debt," etc.—and so I was apprenticed to a London barrister—a great, pompous man, whom I cordially detested before a month was out. He had a way of aggravating me whenever we came in contact, that used to make me long for an excuse to pitch him down stairs. I believe in presentiments. I knew that man would injure me some day. I saw more trickery and underhand dealing while in that office than I had ever seen in my life before. Mr. Pierson was a man of *tact*, not talent. He had gained several good cases, which made his reputation, and he had a way of making people believe that if black was not just white, it was certainly gray, which proved very useful to him.

"I was about twenty-two when I went into Kent for a few weeks, partly on business for Mr. Pierson, and partly to visit an uncle of mine. Am I tiring you with this long story?"

"Not at all, Tracy; go on."

411 started at the unfamiliar name, which the doctor slightly emphasized. His breath came quickly, and his voice was husky when he spoke again:

"Would you think, now, that a man could hear his own name so seldom that when it was spoken as you spoke mine it could make the past come back like a great wave, almost blotting out the present? I haven't heard my name for more than ten years," he went on, musingly. "I don't wonder it sounds strange to me. It was in the summer when I went to Kent; the time for 'falling in love,' as it is called, and of course I did it. I don't wonder at myself, even now, when I remember all that has passed. We were thrown very much together. Lucy was an orphan living with a rich maiden aunt, whose place adjoined my uncle's. I had always a fondness for playing the part of a protector, and she was a clinging, dependant little thing, with long golden curls and a delicate pink-and-white daisy face. I had never cared for any girl before, and from the first I loved her madly. It's the 'old, old story,' and I needn't make a fool of myself again by telling it to you. Before I went back to town we had exchanged rings, and she had promised to love me through eternity. A lengthy eternity it proved!

"Our engagement was to remain a secret until I should become a great lawyer, and then I was to claim her. This was Lucy's idea. I wanted to speak to her aunt, but she begged me not, giving a dozen different reasons for my silence. I believe even then she thought it best not to bind herself too closely, but I never suspected this, for with all my faults I had always been perfectly honest and truthful. In the winter, Mr. Pierson told me that the business I had been attending to had now to be completed, and that he was going down himself. I was of course very anxious to go, but he did not give me the chance. Lucy met me at a couple of dinners, and from what she said I knew he had been very attentive to her. He was a good-looking man, about 40, and could make himself very agreeable when he choose to do so. I wrote to Lucy immediately, telling her what I thought of him. She replied, accusing me of being jealous, and saying she was sure I was prejudiced against Mr. Pierson, who had spoken very highly of me, and to whom I found she had confided the whole story of our engagement. I was very angry, and wrote rather harshly to her, for I remember she told me 'I did not love her as I once did.' That was our first quarrel, and was soon made up, and for a few weeks we corresponded as usual. Mr. Pierson returned to London, but went back again to Kent in a week or two. He said he was collecting evidence for an important case.

"Soon I noticed that Lucy's letters grew shorter and shorter, and finally one came, saying that she 'had been thinking over our foolish engagement, and as there was no prospects of my being able to support her, she had come to the conclusion that for the sake of us both it had better be broken.'

"I know every word of that cool, heartless letter now. One remembers such things. Very soon after I heard of her engagement to Mr. Pierson. I was a gentleman, and he was a snob; but he had money, and I hadn't."

"What's a gentleman born? Is it shillin's an' pence?" quoted the doctor, softly.

"Eh? What's that?"

"Only a quotation from the Yorkshire *Farmer*. Go on."

"Well, of course, I was furious; but what good did that do me? I thought if I only had money, I would find some means of revenge; but money was just what I hadn't got. About that time, I met a man calling himself St. John. He was clever and well educated, and seemed to read all my wild, reckless longings at a glance. He led me on from bad to worse, till it ended in forgery; then he turned king's evidence, and I was locked up. I was always very strong, and, finding one of the bars loose, I wrenched it out, and dropped from my window one dark night and escaped. On my way to the sea, I met this man—St. John. I might have got off if I could have let him alone; but I couldn't. I stopped him; he taunted me with my disgrace; told me that Mr. Pierson had known of the plan laid to ruin me. 'The young lady throwing you over was a prime trump in our hand,' he added, with a leer. I warned him to be silent; but he, as if blinded to his danger, exasperated me in every way possible. I grappled with him, and, remembering a trick I had learned at school, soon threw him. My hands were on his throat. A half minute more, and the earth would have been rid of one sordid wretch; but his cries had been heard by some men in a neighboring field, and I was overpowered. This man—a ruined gamester, once a gentleman—had changed me from an honest, honorable lad, to a felon, and then, disregarding the 'honor' which is said to exist even 'among thieves,' threw me over to save himself. I would be content to give five years of my life—nay, more, I would be content to add five years to my life—could it purchase that one half minute of which I was robbed.

"My family disowned me, and made no attempt even to procure counsel for me. All forsook me except little Mary, from whom I got a tear-stained letter inclosing a five-pound note, her quarterly allowance, and telling me that she would never forget me. My father had forbidden any of them to write to me, or even mention my name; but Mary had disobeyed him. 'It can't be wrong to write to you, dear,' she said, 'for you are my own brother, always.'

"There was a flaw in the evidence which my counsel took advantage of; but Mr. Pierson worked against him privately, collecting evidence for the crown, and I was convicted. Heaven grant there may not be many poor wretches who leave old England with the feelings which I left it. If I had had the opportunity, I would have put an end to my miserable existence. I was taken in a cab, strongly guarded, from the jail to the wharf. We passed one of the parks on our way. I had been in prison some time, and the fresh green grass, the trees and flowers had never looked so beautiful as now, when I knew I was looking on them for the last time. I thought of the hedge-rows white with blossoms, in Northumberland; the larks singing overhead; Mary, perhaps, in our favorite nook in the orchard, weeping bitter tears as a last good-by to 'her handsome Teddy,' as she fondly called me. No wonder my heart swelled when I thought of those who in the sight of God were guilty of my crime.

"As we went down the dock, a child passed us with a bunch of cowslips. Just two years before, I had gathered them for Lucy in the Kentish lanes. The child looked up wistfully, as I passed; presently she ran after us and put her cowslips in my hand. That was the drop too much in the cup already full; to save my life I could not have kept back the tears which rolled down my cheeks. I was handcuffed, but one of the guards thrust a handkerchief into my hand, with a few cheering words gruffly said. The touch of sympathy, and the child's gift saved me from utter despair. That was the last I saw of England. My life here has been the same, day after day, except the few nights I spent in the bush, the two times I got off. They mostly let me alone now. I keep by myself, and I've never told a word of this before. I had almost forgotten I wasn't 'Jim Brown,' until to-day. Did you hear how I hurt my arm?"

"One of the men told me you were helping to raise a heavy stone, and that you let the lever slip in some way, and so got your arm crushed."

"That's true, so far as it goes; a gang of us were working on the road when a carriage passed. I looked up as I stepped out of the way, and who do you think I saw? Lucy and her husband! She was looking just the same as ever, only prouder. I was so near I could have touched her dress. She looked calmly at me—I was only a convict, covered with the dust from her carriage wheels. If she had recognized me, the color would have faded a little from her pink cheeks, I think. I wonder if she remembers the letter I wrote her, before I was transported? I told her some home truths then. She knows who to blame for my wasted—worse than wasted—life.

"Twelve years didn't seem much to me. I looked after the carriage like one stunned. The lever slipped from my hand—you saw my arm. I didn't think of it, until I found I couldn't lift it. Mr. Pierson has got some high appointment here, some one said. *Of* course his wife will be feted and flattered. I wonder how she would like to be reminded of that summer in Kent. How would she look if I should stop her carriage, and remind her of the time she swore to love me forever, or how often her bright head has rested on my shoulder. I can feel the thrill of her soft lips yet on my cheek. There, that's all. Do you believe in justice? I don't. The cause of evil should be attacked; now, it is only the victim. That woman is more guilty to-day than I. She drove me mad—and yet she rides by in her carriage, respected and admired; while I, in my prison dress, can never be anything but what I am—411."

Success in Business.

It is not genius. All with such peculiar gifts make bad managers of any business, and are too erratic for ordinary executive purposes. And it is not high intellectual attainments. Few scholarly men will lay aside their devotion to letters for their own sake, and follow the plodding course by which success in business is to be attained. And it lies not in the force of circumstances. Some who might otherwise have been successful in a clear course have doubtless broken down in the face of popular obstacles; but the man who can bend occasions and conditions to his will can achieve his triumph in spite of such adverse surroundings.

It is not luck. It is true that many tempt their fate and escape as by a miracle, but this can form no rule of life; success in business is obedience to a law that can be clearly and distinctly traced throughout the whole of one's career. This law is based on the principle that everything has its price, and they only who are able and willing to pay it can acquire what they covet. Some are prevented through want o nerve or defective judgment, or other mental and physical defects, from succeeding in the struggle. But more, who are able, fail because they are unwilling to meet the cost. They seek the end, but will not by patient self-denial employ the means. Present ease, present gratification, some form of indulgence not consistent with the end which has been proposed, offers a temptation too strong for them to resist.

To-morrow they will begin a sterner course; next week they turn over another leaf with different reading on the obverse side, but to-day let the hands be folded and the old encumbrance remain. No man is on the road to success who has not already paid part of the price, and is not now holding out to fortune in full the next installment that is due.

What a Blind Man Sees.

Nature struggles hard to make up for any defects in the senses, and she gives to the blind a certain power to see when the eyes give no help. A blind man says: "Whether within a house, in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, though quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence; whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulders, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the nature of the objects, or of some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it; the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thick on the ground objects are more distinct, although the foot-ball cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impressions directly transmitted to the brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face; this I have ascertained by suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power, and the circumstances above named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of 'Facial Perception.'"

The Approaching Fall Trade.

The New York *Bulletin* remarks that we have nearly reached the culminating point of the dull season, and with the advent of August preparations for the fall trade will be in order, which promises to be an unusually brisk one. We quote: "Making due allowance for the grasshoppers, the locusts, the chinch-bug, the wevil, and other pests which Providence would seem to send down upon us at this season, as if to check the over-elation that sometimes come from superabundance, there is still every reason to expect a plentiful harvest; and, with that safe, the prosperity of all the great collateral commercial interests is also assured."

The Northern Indians.—"Do you expect that a serious Indian war will ensue before the three Indian bands in the Northwest are subdued?" a reporter asked of General Sheridan. "I think not," replied the General. "The trouble is that so much mischief is done in a short time—before we can concentrate troops." "Is the district in which the Indians are raiding thickly settled?" "No," responded the General. "It is but sparsely settled. Many of the homesteads belong to newly arrived immigrants, many of whom are English. They know nothing of Indian raids, and are of course scared."

RICH YOUNG MEN.

A Lesson for the Heads of Families to Study.

A few years ago, says an exchange, there was exhibited in a foreign art-gallery a picture which attracted an extraordinary amount of attention, less on the ground of its artistic excellence than from the interest of the subject. On one side of the canvas was depicted a boy in the full bloom of infantile beauty; on the other a haggard, bottle-nosed, slouching man. Beneath were the words which told a sad story of real life, "Can they be the same?" A paragraph has been in all the papers relative to the career of a young man whose exploits have long been the talk of Baltimore, and who must presently stand in a criminal dock on a capital charge. Readers of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," will remember Dr. Holmes' description of the young Marylander. As a type of manly beauty, Samuel McDonald might have sat for the portrait. Six years ago he was a splendid youth, and when on coming of age, and into possession of his patrimony, he gave a fete of unprecedented expense to celebrate that event, there were probably few of his guests who failed to regard him with something of envy. "The world was all before him, where to choose." He choose a career of wild excess, such as the Regent Orleans could scarcely have surpassed, and which has culminated in assassination.

The scandals created by his conduct in Baltimore at length drove him from that, his native city, and he took up his abode in Indiana, with which he had become familiar in hunting expeditions, and where no doubt he rejoiced at being free from that annoyance which the averted looks of kith and kin cause to even the most abandoned. Thence tidings reached Maryland of his orgies in the West. Surrounded by the most abandoned, his time was passed in hunting expeditions in the wild country within reach of his shooting lodge near Terre Haute, exercises which seemed designed merely to whet his appetite for plunging, on his return, into excesses recalling those committed in the last century at their retreat on the banks of the Thames by "the Monks of Medenham," over whose portal hung the motto which they so faithfully followed—"Do anything you fancy."

Never before, probably, were such scenes of riotous and profuse profligacy enacted on this soil as those in MacDonald's lodge, near Terre Haute, and it has been calculated that in one year they absorbed $150,000. The career of this young reprobate will come home painfully to many parents. Rich youths are in this country a much greater difficulty to their friends than those less liberally provided for. Satan, the old hymn says, find work for idle hands to do, and the richer those hands are the worse is the work.

Fortunate, indeed, may wealthy families deem themselves who are without one of these black sheep. The social conditions here are not what they were when every man had to get a living. The class of rich young men is rapidly increasing. Every year there grow up those who know from the beginning that at most they need only play at working. Where is the safeguard for such men? Wholesome family influences may do much, but it is chiefly to be found in a liberal education. Only the educated know how to properly enjoy wealth and leisure, and have no need of debauchery and the bottle to stifle the demon *ennui*.

There is ample work for an educated affluent class in this country; work which they would achieve position and renown by doing.

Punctuality at Death.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality, and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter and the light of life seemed just flickering in its sockets, when one of his sons observed:

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two, is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow. A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then strike it off," said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season—and he might hinder the procession a whole hour!"

Protection of Lead Water-Pipes by a Film of Sulphide.

As a result of the following experiments Willm announces that a film of sulphide of lead forms an excellent protection for the metal against the action of water. Lead pipes were coated internally with sulphide, according to the method of Dr. Schwarz, by the action of a solution of sulphide of sodium, and were subjected, at the same time with others not so treated, to the action of rain, snow, distilled, and ordinary Paris city water. After the first day, lead was detected in all cases in the water from the ordinary pipes, except in the city water, and in it also after several days. On the other hand, in no case did the water from the pipes treated with sulphide afford a trace of lead within three months, and with access of air.

CHOLERA IN 1873.

Some of the Results of Dr. McClelland's Investigations.

Dr. Ely McClelland, of the United States army, was appointed to investigate the cholera epidemic of 1873. Upon being detailed for this important work, Dr. McClelland left immediately for the South, and after visiting the States of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, returned to his home. The work has not progressed far enough to justify any broad generalizations, but a few isolated facts derived from a conversation with Dr. McClelland may be of interest.

It is apparent already that the investigation will cover a much wider field than has been anticipated. The number of points at which cholera occurred will be much larger than is generally believed. An impression has prevailed, for example, that the epidemic leaped from New Orleans to Vicksburg; in point of fact, it is found to have dotted both sides of the river between the two points, cases occurring on plantations in nearly every parish.

The first recorded case of cholera in the United States in 1873 occurred in New Orleans, Feb. 9th. It prevailed in that city during the months of February, March and April. Early in May it began to travel northward up the Mississippi. During the month of June it began occurring in the interior towns of Alabama and Mississippi, along the lines of railroads, and spread further north, step by step, during the months of June and July, reaching Little Rock, Ark., early in the latter month.

Montgomery, Ala., by a rigid system of quarantine, escaped with a single case of cholera; while at Birmingham, in the same State, 95 miles distant, and connected with Montgomery by rail, over 200 persons, mostly negroes, fell victims to the epidemic.

The first case of cholera in Kentucky last year, so far as ascertained, occurred at Paducah, May 23.

The investigation indicates that construction hands upon railroads were among the most active agents in spreading the disease. It was introduced into Memphis by a party of laborers on the Memphis and Paducah railroad; thence it was conveyed to Nashville by convicts from the penitentiary, that had been working upon the same road. From Nashville it spread to Chattanooga and East Tennessee, to Gallatin, Franklin, Bowling Green, etc. The first case in central Kentucky was that of a negro laborer at Muldrough's Hill, on the Cumberland and Ohio railroad, who came from a construction party on a road in Tennessee.

A Barren Country.

The region of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, stretching from Oregon to the Gulf of California, has strange geographical characteristics, says Major Powell. On the north it is drained by the southern branches of the Columbia river, and on the southeast by the Colorado river of the West. The great central portion has no drainage to the sea; the waters and streams which come down from the mountains find their way into the salt lakes, where their waters evaporate or are lost in the sands of the desert. Through the middle of the country the Wasatch Mountains extend in a northerly and southerly direction, and a number of shorter ranges are found throughout the country, forming what is known as a Cordillera system. In late geological times it has been the scene of much volcanic activity—high plateaus carry dead volcanoes on their back, mesas are covered with sheets of black basalt, deeply eroded valleys are beset with lava beds, and scoria and ashes are scattered over the land. The few rivers run in deep gorges, far below the general level of the county, and the lakes are salt and alkaline, and almost destitute of life. Away from the mountains the vegetation, beset with spines and thorns, is sombre gray—not clothing the hills and plains, but dotted over the country, giving it a curious pepper and salt appearance. On the mountain sides and elevated plateaus there are forests, but the trees are low and gnarled. Most of the region is high, bold and arid; but only a few of the lower valleys are fit for cultivation, and in all the country no acre can be made productive without artifical irrigation, and although this country is as large as all that embraced in the New England, Middle and Southern States, Kentucky alone has a greater number of acres fit for cultivation.

The streams afford but few fish, the land but little game. The mountains are naked rocks; the plains are deserts of sand or deserts of sage, and the lower lands that in other regions are waving meadows, are here but naked flats gleaming with an alkaline efflorescence; and above, the skies are almost cloudless. The landscape, lacking a covering of verdure, without beautiful groves and stately forests, is still attractive to the eye of the artist by reason of the wonderful forms of rock with varied and brilliant colors. Mountain masses with crags and pinnacles, long lines of cliffs standing athwart the country, and towering canon walls that overhang the streams and rapid rivers that roll and plunge at inaccessible depths below the general surface, give the country great scenic grandeur.

A Maine rogue has been selling kegs supposed to hold ten gallons of liquor each. A pint of rum was sealed up inside each of the kegs and so placed that, taking out a small cork, the purchaser could test the liquor, but where there was a pint of liquor there were nine gallons and seven pints of water separated from it.

Items of Interest.

Dollars and sense do not necessarily travel together.

A Montreal girl chopped off a finger to get rid of sewing.

A youngster, in describing his Sunday dinner, said: We had roast beef and chicken, but the chicken was kept too long before it was killed.

A youthful Pennsylvania granger, about to be chastised by his father the other day, called for his grandfather to protect him from this middleman.

A young lady asked a clerk in a news store if he had "Festus." "No," replied the clerk, "but I'm afraid a boil is coming on the back of my neck."

A man in San Francisco who closed his saloon one night recently to allow a lady in the rooms above to die quietly, is now suing her heirs for $350 for the favor.

It is said that the leaves of the common walnut tree placed over doors, windows, mantels or in wreaths or bunches about the house will drive flies away.

The popular way of cleaning off the infant population, nowadays, is to give the children the wrong medicine. Croton oil for castor oil and creosote for valerian are the latest substitutions.

It is reported that the next grand grove of Druids of the State of New York has appointed Rochester as its meeting place. The convention will accordingly meet on the first Friday in June, 1875.

It is stated that the practice of putting people out of the way by means of poisoned needles is growing to bequite prevalent in India, this method being less liable to detection than the administration of internal doses.

It is officially reported that citizens of the United States will be permitted to enter France from any direction without showing their passports; but they must be prepared to prove their nationality when required.

"Do bats ever fly in the daytime?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes, sir," said the boys confidently. "What kind of bats?" exclaimed the astonished teacher. "Brickbats!" yelled the triumphant boys.

"My son," said a benevolent stranger to a lovely, golden-haired child the other day, "you look like a boy who has been brought up by affectionate parents." "Was I? Was I?" exclaimed the excited lad; "just look at my back!"

It is said that the committee on female suffrage in the Connecticut Legislature will report a bill providing that single women having in their own right $500 shall be entitled to vote in any town, city, borough or school district meeting.

A lady writer points out the fact, as worthy of notice, that "while the men who committ suicide are almost always unmarried, the women are married or widowed. This leads to the inference that, while men cannot live without women, women find life unbearable with men."

A bill before the the British House of Commons provides that workmen injured in the course of their labor may recover damages of their employers, and that the family of a workman killed at his employment may recover a sum not greater than one year's wages of the person killed. The bill excepts all employers who do not employ over fifty hands.

The tender young poet who began "I kissed her under the silent stars," and whom the newspaper to which he sent the poem represented as beginning, "I kicked her under the cellar stairs," appeared before the editors and publishers assembled in Convention at Lockport recently, and preferred the request that the name of the room from which typographical errors emanate might be changed forthwith. He wants it called the discomposing room.

Before and After.

A linen-suited individual was noticed wandering around Detroit, having considerable money and being under the influence of liquor. A policeman spoke to him and warned him that he had better look out for himself, when the young man replied; "Look out for myself! You bet I will! Why, mister, I'm chain lightning rolled up in a ball and stuck full of red-hot bowie knives! I'm a thunderbolt from the north, I am—a regular rip-up thunderbolt, and folks want to let me alone, they do!" The next morning the same policeman found the same individual lying asleep back of a coal-shed. His eyes were battered, there was a hole in his head, and his watch and money were gone. "Here," said the officer, as he poked the man with his club, "say, aren't you that thunderbolt from the north woods?" The man sat up, looked around in a dogged way, and slowly replied: "No, I hain't 'zactly a thunderbolt, but I'm the durned fool who thought he was!"

Light Without Matches.

To obtain light instantly without the use of matches and without the danger of setting things afire, take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass; put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the phial about one-third full and then seal the phial hermetically. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the phial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the phial may be used for six months. The contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive and inflammable materials are used

The M'Kean Miner.

H. F. Barbour - - Editor.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1874.

THE MINER is published every Thursday, at Smethport, McKean County, Pa. It is the intention and the highest ambition of the Publisher to make THE MINER a first class local and family journal. Items of news from all parts of the County are respectfully solicited, and will be liberally paid for if desired.

SUBSCRIBERS.—The regular subscription price of THE MINER is Two Dollars per annum. But hereafter, and during the present management, parties paying their subscription in advance will be allowed a deduction of 25 per cent. upon the subscription price, when paid in cash.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot pay any attention to anonymous communications; every article must be accompanied by the writer's true name and address for our own security. We cannot possibly return rejected manuscript, which fact we desire to impress on all contributors.

ADVERTISING TERMS.—Legal, Official and transient advertising, per square—three times or less Two Dollars; each subsequent insertion, fifty cents. Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, over five lines, ten cents per line. Professional cards, five lines or less, per year, five dollars. Rates for display advertisements furnished on application.

Pittsburgh's Calamity.

This seems a year of disaster. Fire, flood and slander seem combined to convince by their terrible force how frail are the works of man and upon how slight a foundation stands the purest reputation won by a life of rectitude and honor. *Apropos* of the flood of filth, foulness and slander that is now deluging the city of Brooklyn and finding an outlet through the daily press to the remotest corner of the States, we are appalled with the account of another flood of a different nature which broke upon the city of Pittsburgh last Sunday night. Truly the heavens opened and the floods descended. It is difficult to conceive of a story more distressing than is given to us of this calamity in the published accounts. It was one of those events which cannot be foreseen, and which no human care can guard against. The storm set in about eight o'clock in the evening and in a short time it had flooded the streets, carrying away houses, bridges and everything in its path. Pittsburgh proper escaped with little loss owing to the fact that it drains very rapidly, but in Allegheny city the loss of property and life was simply fearful. It is estimated that two hundred persons perished in the flood. The loss of property cannot be calculated. Had the flood been twelve hours later the loss of life would have been much greater, as the workmen and workwomen would have been engaged in great numbers in some districts that were most destructively visited.

* * *

THE vocation of the *Police News*, *Days Doings*, Pomeroy's *Democrat*, and newspapers of similar class, that of pandering to the corrupt appetites and imaginations of the lovers of semi-obscene literature is now usurped by the more respectable dailies in their reports of the daily developments in the notorious Beecher-Tilton scandal. It is too long a story for us to undertake to relate, and in its details too foul to parade before the public. We do not hazard an opinion as yet of the guilt or innocence of Henry Ward Beecher. The known character of Theodore Tilton, a crazy believer in the Free Love doctrine, is much in his favor. No doubt the enemies or scoffers of the doctrines of Christianity gloat over the prospect of the downfall of so eminent a preacher as Beecher and are only too willing to declare his guilt. We utterly repudiate the idea that the honor of religion or the cause of Christianity is bound up with Beecher or any other living man. Should he be convicted of being an arrant hypocrite the cause of true religion will not thereby suffer, since this very religion condemns sin in him as well as in every one else, and anybody who can find occasion in the "scandal" to sneer at virtue or piety, is greatly to be pitied and despised.

* * *

A STATEMENT of the gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company during the first six months of the present year has just been published. The receipts on all the lines east of Pittsburgh, have been $18,031,869, the expenses have been $11,809,073 and the net earnings $6,291,793. The gross earnings have fallen off, as, compared with 1873, over a million and a half, owing to the dull times; but the expenses have been reduced nearly three millions, so that the net earnings show an increase of $1,380,422. Should the unexpired portion of the year present as favorable a showing, the increase for 1874 will amount to upwards of two and three-quarter millions of dollars.

A Forty Million Lawsuit.

The great $40,000,000 coal land lawsuit of Turnbull vs. Pardee and others, which has been pending in this State for two years, has been decided in favor of the defendants, under the provision of the law of Pennsylvania governing the gaining of title to land by Treasurer's sale for arrears of taxes.

The question at stake was the title of several thousand acres of land in lower Luzerne county, rich in deposits of coal, held by the defendants, and claimed by James Turnbull, as the heir of Alexander and James Turnbull deceased. The land is the heart of the coal fields, and was the property of the Turnbull family, once prominent in Philadelphia, long before it was known to contain coal. The last Turnbull in whom the title rested was James Turnbull, deceased, father of the claimant. He neglected to keep the taxes on it paid, and it was sold at Treasurer's sale. The property subsequently came into the hands of Oris Pardee and other great capitalists. The father of the plaintiff died in Philadelphia about forty years ago, before the great value of the land was known. He left a divorced wife and the plaintiff, then a mere child. Some time after the death of his father, young Turnbull went to sea. His mother, in 1852 believing that her son was rightful owner of the land in Luzerne county, made efforts to have the claim substantiated. She found an adviser in O. H. Wheeler, Esq., then a lawyer in that place. He shared her belief in the justice of her son's claim, and recommended an ejectment suit to recover. It being necessary to find the missing heir before anything could be done, they commenced a search for him. For twenty years they sought and waited anxiously to hear of his whereabouts. Finally, in 1871, they heard of him in Mazatlan, Mexico. He was summoned home, and arrived in Philadelphia early in 1872.

His career had been one of constant danger and hardship. On his first voyage he was shipwrecked. With eight companions he floated for nine days on the ocean in an open boat. It was picked up near the island of St. Thomas, with all its inmates dead but Turnbull. Recovering from this voyage, he went to Central America, and in 1849, to California. He remained there a year or two, and made considerable money, adhering to a resolution he made when he left home to touch no intoxicating drink and never to gamble. Leaving California, he went to Mexico, engaging in the construction of a canal at Mazatlan. While there he was robbed several times, and was once left for dead, with twelve daggers sticking in him, by a gang of Mexicans, who robbed him. On the way from California to Mexico he was the victim of a steamboat explosion, in which over a hundred were killed, he being one of a very few who escaped. He was several times shipwrecked, but lived to answer the summons to come home and prove his claim to immense wealth. He worked faithfully in his cause, but takes his defeat philosophically.

* * *

THE only persons so far properly before the court of public opinion are Mr. Theodore Tilton, who has put himself by his own act before that court, and Mr. Theodore Tilton's unhappy wife, who, having been dragged before that court by her worthless husband, has been defended before that court first by Mr. Beecher and then by herself. As regards one of these two persons the matter in the court of public opinion has been closed. Whether Theodore Tilton has told the truth or lied about the relations of his wife with Mr. Beecher is of slight consequence so far as he is concerned, for in either case he stands self-convicted of conduct which must exclude him forever from the pale of decent society. He tells us that he has excluded himself from the pale of the churches by rejecting all that any church believes. He has excluded himself from the world by defiling all that men of the world hold sacred and to be respected. If he knew and for months acquiesced in the dishonor of his home, as he tells us he did, there is no place for him among men save in the horsepond. If he now falsely imputes dishonor to his home, he is worthy, not of the horsepond only, but of the horsewhip and of the penitentiary baber. It is something to have eliminated this offensive individual from the case.—N. Y. *World.*

* * *

AT the time the war of the rebellion broke out there was no bunting manufactured in this country, and during the war the English manufacturers, knowing that we must have it, ran the price of it up to $36 per yard. But Congress put a high protective tariff on the imported article, and as a consequence a single factory for the production of bunting was established in this country, and the price of the finest quality has been brought down to $10 per yard. "Does protection protect?"

A Democratic Government.

If there is anybody simple enough to believe the universal cry of the Democratic press that a change of administration from Republican to Democratic is demanded by the best interests of the country, let them read what the Nashville *Bulletin* says of the condition of Tennessee, a State under Democratic rule. Tennessee, the *Bulletin* tells us, "is upon the verge of bankruptcy. The people are groaning under a load of taxation. The current expenses of the State are not paid. Warrants are now outstanding on the Treasury to the amount of nearly half a million of dollars. The money derived from taxation has been transferred to New York to fill the coffers of the bondholder, in whose interest the State has been and is now being run. The debts due our own people for services rendered to the State are unpaid. A large portion of the taxes for 1874 have been collected, and before January, 1875, the outstanding warrants for the current expenses of the State will amount to more than a million. Already six or seven hundred thousand dollars of the currency have been sent off to New York to pay the July interest, and as much, or more, will have to be sent in the fall to meet the January interest."

* * *

THE PULPIT WAR-WHOOP.—The *Congregationalist* enlightens its readers on the pulpit war-whoop, as follows:

Please to notice. It is a cry, or shout. We do not here refer to the pious whine with which some white-cravated speakers bewail the evil spirit of the age; nor the holy nasal tone which some men who are very sensible fellows out of the desk invariably, if unconsciously, assume when they get into it; nor the sepulchral squawk which, now and then, some conscientious reprover goes down into his double bass to emphasize; but what we have in mind is the loud and glowing, the self satisfied and irrepressible, the exuberant and ear-stunning, the turgid and tremendous howl-growl; the sonorous, stentorian, uproarous, obstreperous clang, clamor, peal, swell, roar, blast, racket, hubub and hullaballoo, with which some of our "great" pulpit orators belabor an audience, under the impression that there can be no sincere and effective preaching of the gospel unless so delivered that a deaf man with cotton wool in his ears might be warranted to hear it at the distance of half a mile, or thereabouts. This is what we refer to. We call it the pulpit war-whoop.

* * *

OFFICIAL DEFALCATIONS.—The deficits in six Democratic counties in Ohio are put down as follows: Holmes county, $30,000; Henry county, $100,000; Wayne county, $32,000, Fairfield county, 100,000; Darke county, $37,000; Butler county, 159,000. These sums, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, are modest compared with some Republican official defalcations, but then the opportunities have not been so numerous for stealing. It all goes to show that honesty is not the exclusive virtue of any party, and admonish the people that if they want uprightness and trustworthiness in office they must pick out the best men put on the local tickets and vote for them, without asking whether they are politically Republicans or Democrats. That is the sure way of curing the evil and killing the rascals.

* * *

THE Democrats have made several Congressional nominations in Ohio last week, and in all cases the Conventions have passed inflation and greenbacks-for-bonds resolutions. The others will do the same, and the State Convention will follow suit. PENDLETON has gained and THURMAN lost ground by all this. The Democrats are evidently training to make the fight in 1876 on Pendleton's repudiation plank. And if they do so they will be beaten worse than in 1868 or '72. It is their funeral, however.

* * *

THE Conferees of the Twenty-fifth Congressional district—Armstrong, Clarion, Forest, Indiana and Jefferson counties—met at Kittanning on the 21st instant and continued in session until Friday morning, the 24th, when, on the one hundred and eleventh ballot, Gen. Harry White, of Indiana, was nominated, and the nomination afterward made unanimous.

* * *

A DANGEROUS counterfeit on the five dollar notes of the Traders National Bank of Chicago having made its appearance, the Treasury Department offers a premium of one-half per cent. for the return of the genuine five dollar notes of the bank to the department for destruction.

* * *

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* said one day last week that more orders had been received for iron in the last ten days, than for the ten weeks previous, which certainly indicates a revival of business in some localities.

☞ This space reserved for the

BOROUGH SCHOOL,

For the publication of

SCHOOL NOTICES.

Manhood; How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure, at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

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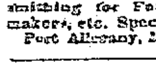

James D. Otto.

Let the people of McKean county remember that at my old stand in Port Allegany they can still get blacksmithing done better cheaper, and on shorter notice than at any other shop in northern Pennsylvania. All kinds of Blacksmithing for Farmers, Lumbermen, Wagon makers, etc. Special attention paid to shoeing.

Port Allegany, March 29, 1873.

Summer Arrangement.

Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway.

ON AND AFTER June 29, 1874, trains will run on the B. N. Y. & Phila. R'y as follows:—

Leaving Buffalo.

8.50 a. m.—Mixed Train to Port Allegany—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Olean 2:10 p. m., at Portville 4:04, at State Line 4:21, at Eldred 4:50, at Larrabee 5:10, at Port Allegany 6:00.

6.20 a. m.—Philadelphia Express—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Olean 9:11, at Portville 9:28, Eldred 9:50, Larrabee 9:55, Port Allegany 10:10, Emporium 11:15 Williamsport 6:20, p. m., Sunbury 8:25 Harrisburg 10:50 p. m., Philadelphia 2:50 a. m., Baltimore 2:40 a. m., Washington 6:20 a. m.

5.30 p. m.—Port Allegany Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Olean 8:40, at Portville 8:56, State Line 9:04, Eldred 9:15, Larrabee 9:28, Sartwell 9:33, Port Allegany 9:45.

Trains Leave Emporium.

3.15 a. m.—Local Passenger and Freight—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Port Allegany 5:40, Larrabee 6:56, Olean 9:11, Buffalo 3:00 p. m.

6 p. m.—Niagara express—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Port Allegany 7.10, at Larrabee 7:24, at Olean 8:10, at Buffalo 11 p. m.

Train Leaves Port Allegany.

4.45 a. m.—Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Turtle Point 4:50, Sartwell 5:03, Larrabee 5:10, Eldred 5:17, State Line 5:23, Olean 6:00, Buffalo 8:50 a. m.

H. L. LYMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
J. D. YEOMANS, Supt.

Pennsylvania Railroad,

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, MAY 31st, 1873, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

NIAGARA EX. leaves	Phila.	7.20 a. m
" " "	Renovo	4.30 p. m
" " "	Emporium	2.15 a. m
" " "	St. Marys	7.35 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Phila.	10.20 p. m
" " "	Renovo.	10 05 a. m
" " "	Emporium	12.20 p. m
" " "	St. Marys	1.12 p. m
" "	arr. at Erie	7.20 p. m

EASTWARD.

BUFFALO EX. leaves	Buffalo	11.45 p. m
" " "	Emporium	1.15 p. m
" " "	Renovo	11 10 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	11.20 a. m
" " "	St. Marys	5.35 p. m
" " "	Emporium	6 40 p. m
" " "	Renovo	9.15 p. m
" "	arr. at Philadelphia	9.15 a. m

Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L S & M S R W. and at Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R R W.

Main West connects with east and west trains on L S & M S R W, and at Corry and Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R R W.

Buffalo Express makes close connections at Williamsport with N C R W trains, north, and at Harrisburg with N C R W trains south.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
General Superintendent.

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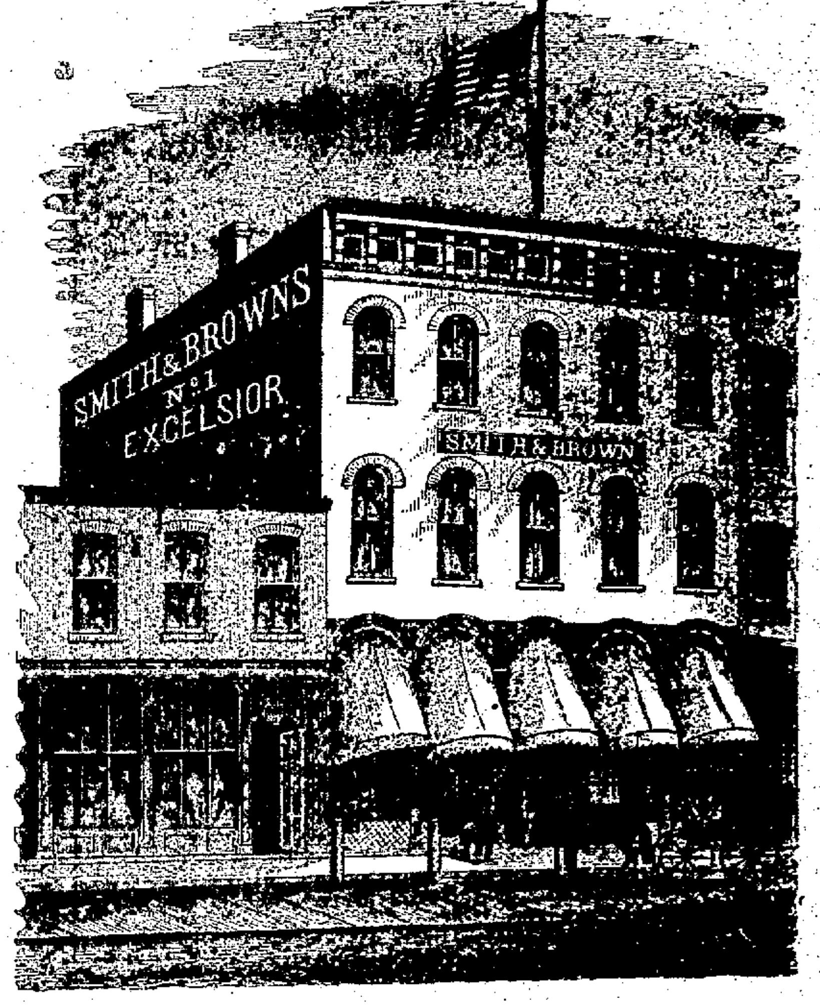

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ANOTHER 1,000,000 INVOICE OF THOSE

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The best made, just received at

R. O. Smith & Co.'s, Olean.

Regular 4 to 6 shilling goods selling at 2 shilling. They are none of those cotton warp, soiled good you may see in all the stores in the country. Milliners supplied on liberal terms.

100 Dozen

of those justly celebrated

Josephine Seamless Kid gloves,

in colors, at $1 50 per pair, at

R. O. SMITH & Co.'s.

This price limited to 30 days.

Have You Seen

those *New and Nobby Straw Hats* for men and boys, at

R. O. SMITH & Co.'s?

You Should,

and this month's styles of Silk and Soft Hats, also.

Third Invoice
OF
Elegant Parosols
AT
R. O. SMITH & Co.'s,

CHEAP AND BEAUTIFUL

We are in daily receipt of new styles of Dress Goods, Domestics, Hosiery, Fine Shoes for Men, Women, and Children, all down to Rock-bottom prices.

R. O. Smith & Co.

OLEAN, June 4, 1874.

P. BECKER & CO.

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Oils, Fancy Goods,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

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This House has been Thoroughly Repaired and Newly Furnished. Barber Shop, Bath Room, Restaurant and Billiard Saloon attached. Room for 250 Guests. Barn room for 200 horses.

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Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the gr discoveries of mo science, few are more real val mankind than this fectual remedy diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A trial of its vir throughout this other countries shown that it surely and effectu control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

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Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

The M'Kean Miner.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1874.

Local and Miscellaneous.

☞ Any of our friends who may receive from us within the next few weeks bills for subscription or job-work may understand that we do not send them for the fun of the thing, but because we need, and expect, the money.

— The Elk county editors are belligerent.

— The Little Valley jail has fifteen inmates.

— Fresh Fish every Thursday at Wendell's Market.

— Dont believe all you hear from Brooklyn, just now.

— United States Court convenes in Williamsport in September.

— Work has commenced on the abutments of the new Marvin creek bridge.

— Hon. Gideon Searl, of Franklinville, has removed from that place to Attenberg, Ohio.

— The Allegany county Reporter devotes a column to McKean and Potter county news.

— Wonder what is the matter of Gould? The last number of the Press did not contain a word about Strang.

— Subscribers will do well to remember that there is no postage to be paid on papers within the county in which they are printed.

— Revs. Getz, of Erie, and Clark, of Emporium, held Episcopal service in the Court House Tuesday afternoon and evening of this week.

— Col A. I. Wilcox made a flying visit to this place a day or two since, stopping but a few hours. He is sanguine as regards railroad prospects.

— Peaches and Pears can be bought at Wendell's Market, and if you want a yard or two of Bologna sausage, he can furnish it, having yesterday received some fresh from the city.

— Major John M Pomeroy, well and favorably known in Pennsylvania, has purchased the Franklin Repository, and will assume the editorial management of it August 1st

— The Mayor of Rochester vetoed the bill passed by the Common Council of that city in aid of the R N & Pa R R and the Council passed it over his head by the requisite majority

— "One by one the roses fade," but our friend R. H Rose has returned from his summer jaunt showing not the least symptoms of wither His petals and stamens are fresh and thrifty. May he bloom many years, and never get seedy !

— Rev H. Peck was taken suddenly and seriously ill with cholera morbus last Tuesday evening, and for several hours it was feared it would be fatal, but through the succesful care of D. Cressman the disease was overcome.

— It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

— We cannot afford to employ a collecting agent, neither can we spare the time to attend promptly to our own collections, therefore any of our friends who may receive a bill from us will please consider themselves dunned with forty-horse jackass power, and act accordingly.

— Fearing that the work might not be done as it should be, we made a personal inspection of the abutments John Digel is putting in for the bridge over the race on Mechanic street, and are glad to be able to express our entire satisfaction If any one doubts our judgment in the matter of masonry, let them go and look at it for themselves

— An inveterate toper in a local option district, not a thousand miles from here, deserves a medal for his ingenuity He takes a bottle of the requisite capacity, puts some rock candy in it, rubs the neck with camphor, and then has the druggist fill it with whisky, his wife is "troubled so much with the headache."

— The Grove Meeting near Larrace last Saturday and Sunday, under charge of Rev H. Peck, assisted by Rev. Torry, of Ceres, was largely attended, and the exercise very interesting. The services Saturday were held in the grove, but owing to the rain the Sunday services were held in the school house near by.

— Two pleasant parties were given at the houses of Hon B D. Hamlin and Mr. H. Hamlin, Saturday and Monday evenings, in honor of some of the fair lasses and brave lads of Warren, visiting our quiet borough. The guests were right royally entertained and we do not doubt that our young friends returned with a good opinion of the hospitality of our citizens.

— James O. Clark has been reading the obituary notices of the press incident upon his supposed death a few weeks ago, some of which were more truthful than flattering, and he don't seem to find them very pleasant reading. He is out with a letter about it, and takes brother Nichols of the Olean Times especially to task, but complains more about the grammar than the substance of the notice.

— A smart printer has imposed on the credulity of the Cattaraugus county Democracy to the tune of $1500. They were determined to have an "organ," therefore furnished a printer named Miller with the cash to buy the material and set up a Newspaper office in Salamanca. Miller got the money in his pocket, bid his Democratic friends a silent farewell, and they now look in vain for their "organ" or their money.

— In reading over our exchanges we find in the Corry Telegraph the announcement that Mr. Cowan, editor of the Warren Mail, has superseded Mr. P. Ford, of this place, as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue of the 19th District, and upon inquiry we find it to be the fact, such change having taken place on the 1st inst. Mr. Ford has held this position a number of years, and as it is one of delicate responsibility, great labor and fatiguing detail, he feels undoubtedly rather a sense of relief than otherwise on being removed, and will hardly thank us for expressing our regrets that Congressman Curtis connived at or permitted the sacrifice of an old friend to present political exigencies. It would be to many people a matter of less regret if the choice of a successor had devolved upon one more deserving of the appointment than so persistent and chronic an office seeker as Mr. Cowan. We have not the honor of his acquaintance and do not doubt that he may be a very capable and worthy gentleman, a shrewd, popular politician, and all that sort of thing. But he is apparently one of that class of politicians who labor under the impression that fat offices were created especially for their use and behoof, and it is a fact creditable to his consistent faith in that belief and his persistency in its practice that he managed to secure a comfortable stall at the public crib, either at Harrisburg or Washington, almost continually for the last ten or dozen winters. We make no grave complaint against Mr. Cowan for his good luck. He has a right to look out for No. 1. But we mention this as a sufficient reason why, if Mr. Ford must be removed, it would have been eminently proper to appoint some one less favored in the matter of office and equally capable in the performance of its duties, even though not so hungry a seeker It is very gratifying to be able to say that the change is not made by reason of any lack of faithfulness or thoroughness on the part of Mr Ford in the discharge of his duties. Thousands of dollars have passed through his hands as Collector and the Government has never lost a cent of that which was its own, and the taxpayers have never been unduly pressed by his officiousness or over zeal. It would be well if all office holders could retire with as clean a record as Mr P. Ford.

Catholic Services.

On Sunday, August 9th, the Right Rev Tobias Mullen, Bishop of Erie, will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Catholic Church of Smethport, and on the same day perform the solemn and truly interesting ceremony of consecrating the new Catholic Cemetery, (to be called from that solemn event St. Elizabeth's Cemetery) As Bishop Mullen has the rare gift of always attracting large and attentive audiences, because his sermons and lectures are both profound and eloquent, and possess an equal tone of earnestness and impressiveness, which sink deep into the hearts of his hearers, and as the ceremonies of that day (especially the consecration of the cemetery,) will be new and highly interesting, and therefore attract many from afar, we would advise all who wish to procure a seat to be at the church in time for the 10½ o'clock Mass, for we have no hesitation in saying that the church will not contain one half of those that will be seeking admittance. The Bishop will celebrate 7 o'clock Mass Between 8 and 10 o'clock the procession will proceed from the church to the cemetery, where the consecration will take place. At 10½ o'clock a solemn High Mass, coram Episcopo, with a full choir, will be celebrated, after the first gospel of which his lordship will preach At the end of High Mass confirmation will be administered. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock there will be Vespers and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Church Notices.

Quarterly Meeting Services will be held in the Methodist Church on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1st and 2nd Preaching on Saturday at 2 o'clock p m , Sunday at 10½ a. m., by Rev L. A. Stevens, of Olean As this is the last Quarterly Meeting of this Conference year, it is highly important that the whole charge be well represented Bro. Stevens will probably preach at Norwich Sunday evening

J L. Rusbridge, Pastor.

Religious Services will be held next Sabbath at 3½ o'clock p m. by Rev. C. A. Diffin, at Marvin creek School house, near John Hafner's residence.

School Picnic,

The Smethport Borough School will close with a Picnic, in Ault's Grove, Tuesday, August 4. Addresses will be delivered by Co. Sup't W. H. Curtis, Rev. J L. Rusbridge, and W J. Milliken, Esq. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Com. of Arrangements.—Misses Coma Sartwell, Flora Taylor, Emma Beckwith, Dora Gleason, Kate Freeman, Beta Sartwell, Cora Backus, Dora Beckwith.

W. H. Train, Teacher.

Excursion.

The Committee would call especial attention to their handbills, requesting all persons going with us to the Falls to purchase tickets not later than August 20th. Their promptness in this matter will greatly facilitate the completion of arrangements, and prevent crowding and confusion. Com.

Teachers' Institute.

The County Institute will be held at the Court House, in Smethport, September 8, 9, 10, and 11. Evening lectures will be given on educational subjects. Lecturers and instructors—Prof R. Curry, Doctor of Philosophy and Deputy State Superintendent, and Prof H. S Jones, Sup't of Instruction of the city of Erie. Both these gentlemen are well known to be eminently successful as Institute workers, and no effort will be spared on my part to make the session interesting and instructive to all. Directors and the public generally are invited to be present. I trust that every teacher in the county who can will attend during the entire time.

W. H. CURTIS, Co. Sup't.

July 30, 1874.

A Correction.

We gladly publish the following correction of a statement made by us last week, on the authority of a Harrisburg paper:

Office of Co Sup't, Public Schools,
Smethport, Pa., July 25, 1874.

Editor Miner:—I have seen in your columns a statement that the School Department had directed Co. Supts., to withhold State Appropriation from all districts, unsupplied with suitable out buildings, to school houses.

For the information of all interested, I write to say, that I have not received any such instructions, nor heard of them from any source outside of the county I may add that I know of districts, not supplied as aforesaid, which have already received the appropriation for last school year.

W. H. Curtis, Co. Supt.

— As J. P. Wendell and A. S. Bishop were driving in a light buggy over the dugway this side of Larrabee Flats last Monday, they were met by a boy driving a heavy wagon who, refusing to give any portion of the road, ran into and upset the buggy throwing out the occupants to the risk of their lives and damaging the vehicle very seriously. It was a piece of heedlessness or maliciousness on the part of the boy deserving of punishment, and Mr. Wendell proposes to make his father pay the damage, and let him take the cost out of his boy in any manner he chooses.

— How to Judge of a City.—The average amount paid in the last five years in United States for advertising was about $13,000,000 per annum. In 1867 New York city paid $80,000 tax on advertisements; Philadelphia $30,000; Boston, $23,000; Cincinnati, $15,000; Chicago, $15,000; and St. Louis, over $13,000 The wealth of the merchants in those cities and the extension of their business over the whole country, as well as the flourishing condition of cities themselves, shows what advertising may accomplish It is a common remark among observing business men that the enterprise of a city may be judged from the appearance of the advertising columns of its newspapers.—Louisville Courier Journal.

— As far as we can judge by sound, we should say that the boys enjoyed themselves last Saturday evening immensely The occasion was the revival of a quarrel which had its commencement on the day of the circus, between one of the village boys and a combative Hibernian from the rural districts. At present writing the village boy is ahead, but as the other party is not satisfied we hope to be able to chronicle further bruises on both sides We believe in encouraging athletic sports.

— The Republic, for July.—The Republic Magazine begins its third volume with the July number. It is exclusively devoted to the dissemination of political information, and the scientific and non partizan elucidation of political problems. It is in reality a Political Science Monthly, which every political speaker and writer ought to have. It is recommended by a vast majority of the Senators and Members of Congress, and the Congressional Committee. The July number is unusually interesting and strong. Send for specimen copy Subscription price $2.00 per annum

— The picnic last Wednesday for the benefit of the Farmers Valley church was, we are told, a very pleasant and successful affair The only event to mar the pleasure of the occasion was the run a way of Ed. McCoy's team, but which we are happy to say resulted in no greater injury than the demolition of the carriage As a revenerable relict of "ye olden tyme" even the loss of the carriage is worthy of more than a passing notice.

Resolutions

Passed by the Port Allegany Union Sunday School, on the death of Willie Sartwell

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take away from our midst little Willie, one of our dear Sunday School scholars, lovely and beloved by all who knew him;

Resolved, That we hereby tender to his bereaved parents our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing that He whose hand was laid heavy upon them, when he wounds is abundantly able and willing to heal also.

Resolved, That our loss is Willie's gain, that the Master Superintendent has taken him into his school, where he will understand those little verses he learned here below, and mingle his sweet and tender voice with the cherubs on high, singing the songs of salvation, waiting, yes, looking to welcome home, sooner or later, his parents, friends and school mates.

Resolved, That we are reminded by his death that although the old must die, the young may die, and that we be preparing for that change.

Resolved, That it is meet and proper for our school to wear mourning, and that the banner be draped for 30 days, and as many as can follow in the procession to the grave.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the Northern Tier Reporter and the McKean Miner.

Byron Roth, Sup't.

Died —At his residence, in Fargo, Dakota, March 20, 1874. Hon. James Hussey, in the 36th year of his age.

The deceased was a son of Mr. Morgan Hussey, of Keating township, and his earlier years were spent here. Commencing life without aid, he supported himself by manual labor and by teaching school while a student at the Academy and afterwards at College. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the army, and suffered in a rebel prison hardships which have finally caused his death. He left the service with the brevet rank of Major, and engaged in the practice of law at Corry, soon removing to Duluth, Minnesota, where he was made Circuit Judge of that District, finally going to Fargo in the hope of benefiting his health. An able lawyer and a useful and enterprising citizen, he has been cut short in a career of unusual success and promise.

Appleton's American Cyclopædia.—The revised edition of this best of all Cyclopedias is being issued, one volume once in two months. Six volumes are out. Sixteen will complete it. It is finely illustrated with maps and engravings. It is a complete library on all subjects, and sho'd be in every family that care for knowledge. Six dollars once in two months will pay for it. Thousands of dollars will not buy a library so full and valuable.

C. K. Judson, of Fredonia, N. Y., sole manager for this section, has placed the agency for Potter and McKean counties in the hands of A. J. Hughes, of Port Allegany, to whom apply. [37-4t

— The latest from Brooklyn is that Tilton has been arrested for libel by the Beecher party.

— The Warren M. E. Church and Society have recently made a great success of an excursion to Niagara Falls. There were 700 excursionists.

— An exchange gives the following: "If you have been picking or handling acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and close your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stain will disappear.

Of an all-absorbing topic it is just now well to remember that the larger and whiter the mark, the greater the temptation to fire at it, the easier to hit it.

DIED.

COLEGROVE—On Wednesday evening, July 15, 1874, of scarlet fever, Sammy P , son of Jonathan and Hattie Colegrove, aged 7 years 6 months and 7 days

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me"

TENNY—At his residence in Lafayette, Pa , Saturday morning, July 25 1874, Wm. A Tenny, aged 68 years and 6 months.

WANTED,

An energetic and reliable man can obtain the Agency of the FIRE ASSOCIATION of PHILADELPHIA for McKean County by corresponding with HENRY W WATSON, Gen'l Agent
Williamsport, Pa.
(References required.) 39-3t

BUGGY FOR SALE,

A light, single buggy, strong, well made and in good condition will be sold cheap Can be seen at my place two miles north of Smethport.
33-tf W H CURTIS.

Notice.

Western District of Pennsylvania At Smethport, the 23d day of May, 1874 —The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of H D Ault and C C Cornforth doing business under the firm name of Ault & Cornforth who have been adjudged bankrupts, on creditors petition, by the District Court of said District

O E HAVEN, Assignee,
July 23, 1874 4w

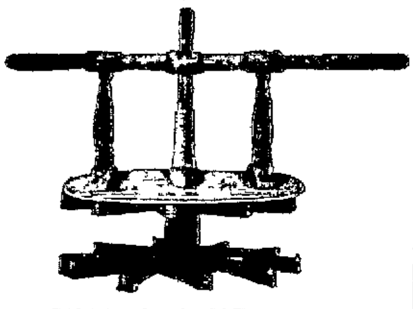
Ruth French (by her next friend Joseph Stull,) vs Barzilla French.	In McKean Co Common Pleas, No. 130, Dec. T. 1873

The respondent in the above entitled case is hereby notified to appear before the judges of our said court at the Court House in Smethport, on Monday the 28th day of September next, to show cause if any you have, why a divorce from the bonds of matrimony should not be granted the libellant, agreeable to the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

M N POWELL, Sheriff
Smethport, June 25, 1874

Morse's Favorite

$5



WASHER.

THE undersigned having secured the exclusive right of sale of Morse's Favorite Washer in the counties of

CAMERON,	CRAWFORD,
CLINTON,	ELK,
FOREST,	ERIE,
M'KEAN,	POTTER, and

WARREN,

Are prepared to dispose of either County, township or individual rights.

REFERENCES:

The undersigned ladies of Smethport and vicinity, having used Morse's Favorite Washer in their families, have permitted us to refer to them for proof of its many excellencies as a family servant:

Mrs. A N Taylor,	Mrs. S F. Beckwith,
" C K Sartwell,	" John Stoddard,
" M N Powell,	" James Howard,
" John Grigsby,	" Emma Gifford,
" John B Taylor,	" Wm Sherwood,
" B L Knapp,	" Horace Vansickle,
" Wm. Haskell,	" H F Barbour.

KNAPP & TAYLOR.
B. L. Knapp. John Taylor.
Smethport, Pa. July 1, 1874.

MOORE HOUSE
OLEAN, N. Y.
M. V. Moore, Proprietor.
(FORMERLY FOBES HOUSE.)
Newly Furnished. Bells to all rooms. 'Bus to all trains. Best bar in Western New York.

NOTICE!

J. G. Pelton,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Merchant Tailor, has just returned from New York with his Spring and Summer Stock of Goods, Consisting of English, French and American Suitings, trimmings in all of the new and desirable styles.

Extra pains will be taken to give you Nice fitting Suits made in the most durable and artistic manner.

11—6 6 m

Annual Report

Of Keating School District for the school year ending June 1, 1874:

SCHOOLS.	
Number of schools	16
No. of months taught in each	6
No. of scholars enrolled	342
Average attendance	233
Average salary of teachers	$18 99
TAX.	
No. of mills levied on the dollar	12½
Total amount levied	$1183 05
RESOURCES.	
Money on hand at commencement of year	$491 67
Money received from the State	194 87
Money received from collectors, &c.	1113 84
Money received from Co. Treas.	900 00
	$2700 17
EXPENDITURES.	
Building and furnishing	272 03
Repairs, &c.	261 47
Teachers' wages	1139 50
Fuel, contingencies and exonerations	275 43
Treasurer's fees	36 37
Secretary's fees	30 00
Cash in hands of treasurer	685 50
	$2700 17

Attest:
June 24, 1874.
A H. CORY,
Secretary.

Annual Report

Of Lafayette Township for school year ending June 1, 1874.

Number of schools,	5
" months taught	6½
Average salaries of teachers	27,03⅓
Number of mills levied on the dollar	20
Total amount levied	1778 29
On hand from last year	103 19
Received from other sources	469 60
	2350 94

Expenditures:

For building and furnishing		1243 32
Teachers' wages		863 00
Fuel and contingences		74 50
Treasurers fees, exonerations, etc		68 69
For salary of secretary		25 00
" other expenses		80 60
		2358 61
Resources	20 10	
Liabilities	321 07	
		301 91

P. L. ALDRICH, Sec'y.

SMETHPORT MARBLE WORKS.

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,
TABLE-TOPS, MANTEL-PIECES
Come and see me!
Factory & Warerooms on Water St.
Smethport, Pa.
John Digel, Prop'r.

All kinds of
GRAINING
by a new process, in first class style, for half the usual price.
Address Gus. H. Roth,
Portville, Catt. Co., N. Y.
n19 11-6m]

Market,
Grocery &
Provision
STORE.
J. P. Wendell, Prop'r.

To meet the wants of the people of Smethport and vicinity, and fully satisfied that there is such a want, I have established in the Basement of

Armstrong & Co.'s Drugstore

a commodious

MARKET

AND GENERAL

PROVISION STORE,

where I shall keep on hand

FRESH AND SALT MEAT,

FISH,

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS,

and everything usually kept in a first class Market.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

J. P. Wendell.

Myron A. Dodge.
Notary Public and Claim Agent,
Olean, N. Y.

Bounty and Pension Claims Collected if Obtainable.

Particular attention given to applications for increased Pension and Rejected Claims.

Office with W. H. Reynolds.

BONNEY'S
UNITED STATES
HOTEL.
TERRACE, NEAR MAIN ST.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
D. Bonney & Son,
Proprietors.
F. E. Stone, Clerk, (late Prop. Olean Olean House.)
This Hotel has been newl Furnished.

EUREKA!
McCOY & REILLY,
("SIDE HILL DRUGSTORE.")
DEALERS IN
Pure Drugs & Medicines,
FORD BUILDING, SMETHPORT, PA.

TO OUR FRIEND AND THE PUBLIC.

We wish to call especial attention to our large and complete stock of School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Albums, &c., which we bought for cash of the receiver appointed for Breed, Lent & Co., Buffalo, directly after their failure, at ten per cent. below the publisher's and manufacturer's prices to jobbers, we therefore defy competition, and are prepared to wholesale School Books to dealers in other parts of the county at bottom figures. Our stock of

CONFECTIONERY

is always complete, as we receive it in small quantities every few days thereby insuring its freshness. We also keep the very choicest brands of CIGARS and TOBACCO the market affords. Our FANCY GOODS, SUNDRIES, PERFUMERIES, &c., being selected with the greatest care from the best Importing Houses, we are enabled to offer as complete a line as can be found in this part of the country, at the lowest prices. We also keep strictly pure

WINES & LIQUORS

for medical use only. Prescriptions, recipes, &c., carefully prepared.

With many thanks for the liberal patronage we have so far enjoyed, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

McCOY & REILLY.

Smethport, Nov. 6, 1873.

GO TO
EATON & SPRAGUE'S
FOR YOUR
STOVES, HARDWARE, COOKING UTENSILS, SHELF FURNITURE, CUTLERY, TINWARE,
and everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store.
THEY WILL NOT BE OUTDONE IN PRICES OR QUALITY OF GOODS.

Alfred Sturdvein.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now prepared to attend to his customers at his

NEW QUARTERS,
OVER THE POST-OFFICE.

He is prepared to do

Shaving & Hair Dressing

in the highest style and at the lowest price, A select assortment of

Cigars, Collars, Cuffs,

and other fancy and useful articles constantly on hand. Call and be satisfied for yourselves.

WHY
YOU WANT IT!
FOR ITS GOOD STORIES!
FOR ITS FASHION ARTICLES!
FOR ITS MISCELLANY!
FOR ITS HOUSEHOLD NEWS!
Third Year of
"OUR OWN FIRESIDE,"
A HOME JOURNAL FOR THE FIRESIDE.

16 large pages, with illustrations. Every subscriber has choice of one of three fine chromos—a far better class than those offered by other publishers Price, $1.50 a Year.

Send three cent stamp for sample copy. Address
Our Own Fireside Pub Co.,
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y
Canvassers wanted.

Any Article
Purchased for You.
Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's Garments, any Household Goods, Musical Instruments, or Fancy Article.
Anything You Want,
AND WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
Send three cent stamp for circular. Address
PURCHASING AGENCY OF
"Our Own Fireside,"
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS
2, 4 & 6 Horse Power.
GET the BEST & CHEAPEST.
Address, M. L GUMP & CO.,
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Amateur Job Press.
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.
For Printers, Druggists, Business Men and Boys
Send five cents for pamphlet. Address
M. L. GUMP & CO.,
Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Hotel for Sale.
THE BENNETT HOUSE,

IN SMETHPORT, PA., is offered for sale. This Hotel is located at the County seat of McKean County, and is the best hotel property in the county. It will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms Any one wishing to purchase a Hotel property will do well to examine it. For any further information, call upon or address the proprietor,
WM. HASKELL,
Smethport, April 2, 1874.

Business Directory.

Byron D. Hamlin & Son.
LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Agency of the Keating lands situated in the Counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.
Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SMETHPORT McKean county, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls in his profession.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Smethport McKean county, Pa., will attend to all calls in his profession.

R. H. Rose.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office in the Court House

D. V. Crossmire,
Resident Surgeon P. & E. R. R. Co
15 Fraley St., Kane, Pa.
Prompt attendance given to all professional calls.

Backus & Milliken.
ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Office up stairs in Sartwell block, on Main street.
W. J. MILLIKEN. JOHN C. BACKUS

P. Ford.
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Collector of Internal Revenue for McKean, Elk and Cameron counties, will give his attention to all matters pertaining to his profession in the above counties. Office, Ford Building, Church street, Smethport, Pa.

P. L. Webster
WOULD INFORM the citizens of Bradford and vicinity that he keeps ready made coffins, soft and hard wood caskets, etc., constantly on hand.

Bingham Estate.
Robt. H. Rose is authorized to receive money for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business of this Estate, in McKean County His office is in the Prothonotary's office in the Court House.
Wellsboro, Dec. 24, 1872. Robt. C. Simpson
Agent of the Trustees.

J. E. Olds & Son,
HAVING made arrangements to carry on the TANNING BUSINESS on a more extended scale, would respectfully invite the citizens of McKean county to give them a trial CUSTOM WORK is made a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed Remember the place—three miles from Smethport, on the Olean road Farmers' Valley, Jan. 11, 1872.

New Cabinet Shop.
THE undersigned takes this opportunity of informing the public that, having removed his Cabinet Shop two doors above the old stand,—opposite the dwelling house of Mrs. Wolters—he is prepared to sell chairs of most every description and Furniture of most every kind, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of all articles of furniture, picture frames, &c., &c. WM. SPECHT.
Smethport, Feb. 4, 1869.

New Paint Shop.
THE subscriber has opened a shop on Mechanic street—near John B. Tylor's old blacksmith shop—and is now prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best possible style Carriage painting, striping, house and sign painting and all other work in this line done in the best manner. The best of material used, and satisfaction guaranteed.
CARL SASSE.
Smethport, May 9, 1872.

M. L. Armstrong's
JEWELRY STORE,
No. 3, Union Block.

Where a large assortment of Watches and Clocks are kept constantly on hand. Also a varied assortment of Jewelry of the latest styles and best finish, which he's selling at lowest Cash prices. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Destroyers of Fruit.

Dr. Trimble, of New Jersey, exhibited to the Farmers' Club specimens of several worms destructive of fruit plants and trees, and some branches and leaves showing the ravages of the destroyer. Among the specimens was the currant worm, which, Dr. Trimble said, several years ago almost entirely destroyed the currant crop in Western New York. The worm, a rather pretty creature, Dr. Trimble stated, was a species of slug. He thought it advisable to allow young chickens to run among the bushes attacked by these worms as they make their first appearance in the under part of the bushes, and the chickens can easily pick them up. Another worm exhibited was one which destroys apples, which Dr. Trimble denominated the "apple borer," on account of its boring its way, gimlet like, into the apple. Several sprigs of trees in the New York city parks were shown with leaves almost destroyed by caterpillars. Dr. Trimble said that he had experimented with the sparrows in the parks by endeavoring to induce them to eat caterpillars. The birds would take the worms in their beaks, apparently out of curiosity, and would then reject them. The caterpillars were, he was satisfied, perfectly safe among the sparrows. There were large colonies of sparrows in the parks, and the caterpillars were undisturbed and daily increasing in number. The worm was plentiful in the southern part of Central Park, but were scarcer in the northern, because there were other birds to be found there besides sparrows.

Commercial Manures.

It is said that more than half a million of dollars are now annually paid for commercial fertilizers in the New England States. All which are now offered for sale are analyzed under the direction of the Board of Agriculture according to law, for the protection of farmers against fraud. The use of phosphates is very highly commended for all old lands. Corn is made more productive by their use and the crop matures earlier, which is a great preventive of mischief from early frosts. But the English farmers have found that it is most profitable to use commercial manures as a supplement to farm-yard dung; that without dung the humus in the soil is soon exhausted, and chemical manures then fail, particularly in a dry season. Mr. Mechi is in favor of stock-feeding and fattening as the cheapest way of permanently manuring the land, although he also buys both bone material and guano as a supplement to his farm-yard dung, which is carefully kept under cover to prevent its waste.

Farming in Prairie Land.

A Plymouth county farmer writes to the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, that excessive toil and continuous privation are too often the lot of the prairie farmer; when he pays for his land there is no timber on it to build him a log house, and he must pay from $50 to $80 per thousand for lumber to build him a balloon house; this, he says, leaves most of the farmers with a 10 per cent. mortgage on their farms The "farmers live in houses with curtainless windows, from whose broken panes flutter the signal rags of poverty," and "seven-tenths of all the farms are under ruinous mortgages," the cry for more currency is as distressing as that of the man in delirium tremens for more brandy. Let the farmers of the East think twice before they attempt emigrating to the West.

Mulching.

The Germantown *Telegraph* truly says: Trees transplanted this spring should be mulched as soon as the ground becomes dry. For this purpose grass is as good as anything. Don't put around the tree too much at a time. Remove it two or three times during the summer, and stir up the ground well, then replace. It will save many a tree, if the season should be hot and dry. Strawberry, raspberry and blackberry beds should also be well mulched. Any quantity of dry stuff about a place, especially leaves, scrapings, etc., or short grass cut from the lawn will do. An application of the contents of a hot-bed is very beneficial.

Damages of the Heart.

Crushed and miserable, bleeding as to heart and disturbed as to digestion, a young gentleman of England hath sought damages from a daughter of the same noble land for breach of promise of marriage. After she had intimated that she would be his Own One he visited her and her papa at her papa's house, and was struck by evidences of wealth and grandeur that he did not expect. Like Mr. George Sampson on the way to the bowers of luxury at Harmon's, he was overcome by a sense of his own unworthiness. "If this is Carry's style at home," he wrote, "then George must give up real love and retire from the field for want of gold dust." Then, like the magnanimous Lavinia Wilfer, his Carry answered her George, "No, my dearest and best, my new home does not make the smallest impression upon my mind as regards worldly matters;" and so George's heart still more firmly clung to that gentle being. The gentle being, however, after a while grew tired of seeing her George and his letters, whereupon her dearest and best immediately found that it was "pain to eat," and got a medical man to confirm his opinion. Convinced that an application of gold dust would be good for his complaint, he brought suit against his Carry, and exhibited all the kind and flattering letters she had written him. She based her defense chiefly on the statement that her papa had at no time given his consent. But this did not save her; touched by the unselfish nobility of the man in producing her love letters, and burning with a fiendish desire to avenge the wrongs of their sex as represented in him, the jury instantly and triumphantly awarded him in damages the glittering sum of—one farthing.

IMMIGRATION.—The entire number of immigrants who arrived in the United States between 1819 and 1870, including the 250,000 who were in the United States previous to the former year, reaches the astonishing figure of 7,808,-365—nearly a fifth of the present population. If we take into account the children, grandchildren and descendants of those nearly eight millions of immigrants, it may be asked, where are the native Americans?

WHAT GRASSHOPPERS LIKE.

An Interesting Description of the Western Pest and its Peculiarities.

One of the settlers who has been driven away from Southwestern Minnesota by the ravages of the grasshoppers, has given the Minneapolis *Tribune* some account of their troubles. He says: "There are just four of us, three boys and our mother. Our names are Lars, Andrew, and Gonner Larsen. We have lived in Watonwan county for eight years, and have been fighting against fate for nearly all that time. Two years ago the violent hail-storm destroyed our crops, while the merciless grasshoppers devoured our subsistence last year. We planted our fields again this year, but the fearful pests have again attacked us, and we have been obliged to flee for our lives. Our entire crop has been destroyed, and our whole farm laid waste. We were obliged to leave or starve to death. The grasshoppers are about an inch and a quarter in length when full grown, of a dusky grayish color, the heads being of a reddish color, and the under wings when spread exhibiting a yellowish or copper color. The eggs of the insect are ovate in form, of a grayish color, and about the size of a wheat-corn. They are deposited in the ground and under the grass and stubble in clusters. They are generally laid about the last of July or 1st of August, and hatch out in June, according to the weather. When first hatched they resemble little living insects, but they soon develop into full-fledged grasshoppers. As soon as they are hatched they commence to feed until they begin to swarm or form into flocks, when they rise and visit other feeding-grounds. They fly in the air in vast clouds, almost entirely obliterating the sun. While in the air at a distance they strongly resemble an immense snow cloud. In their flight the lower ones are about forty feet above the ground, while they extend upward beyond human sight. They settle upon a field of waving grain glittering in the sun, with the heads of wheat nodding in the breeze, and alighting cover the stalk of each spear of grain from the root to the head. In an incredibly short time the entire field is destroyed, and the ravenous destroyers leave only a barren waste behind them. While at work upon the grain a field looks fairly brown with them. They do not eat the grain, but bite into the tender stock and juicy kernel, and suck the vital sap from the young plant. When they rise the entire field is dead, and in a few days dried up. When young grain is attacked before it is headed out the entire spear is eaten off, leaving only a field of stubble. In some cases the trees and every green thing are attacked, but their voracious appetites are principally appeased with grain and garden stuff. There seems to be no remedy. If, however, the grass was burned over in the spring, I think many of the eggs would be destroyed. The fall fires do not seem to do any good. Water and frost seem wholly inadequate to destroy them. The only enemy they have is a little red parasite that gets under their wings. These little worms eat their way into the vitals of the insect and destroy its life. The dead grasshoppers seem covered with these little worms."

Some Sad Figures.

Only two out of eighty-two reformed! If all young tipplers could see how nearly certain it is that an alcoholic appetite, once formed, will never leave them, they would let the first glass alone. Rev. Samuel W. Bush, upon retiring from the chaplaincy of the State Inebriate Asylum, gives a statement concerning the success of the institution which is far from encouraging. He surprises us by the information that few out of a hundred are permanently reformed. We had been led to suppose that cures from the terrible disease of drunkenness were more frequent, and elapses rare. The representations usually made concerning the work of asylums and reformatories for this class of frail, sinning men, have quickened many hopes concerning them. But Mr. Bush speaks with great definiteness of the institution whose operations he thus watched: "This I know, that only three of the eighty-two patients under the first administration have continued in a course of total abstinence; and all these eighty-two belonged to the highest class of society, and were intelligent, educated men. Many of these are dead, and died in a manner not pleasant to contemplate. The rest—alas for them!" Prevention of intemperance, therefore, is the only hopeful work. If the habit, when formed, is so invincible, guard the young from the formation of the habit.—*Presbyterian.*

To Keep Cool.

An exchange, desiring to be funny says: Never go in the sun; it heats the blood. Food is fuel, and furnishes heat; eat no food. Clothes prevent the escape of heat from the body; wear none, or only a loose shirt and drawers. Work heats the system; do nothing. Sit in a draft. Reading, talking, and thinking generate heat; do neither. Bathe every hour of the day, and take a shower-bath between. Wear a cap with ice in it. Sit with your feet in a tub of ice-water. Call your wife or daughters when you want anything; it is a cool operation. Drink iced tea, lemonade, plain soda, and such; have a cool stream running in all the while. By observing these simple directions one can get along without going away, unless the effect sends him off.

Hints.

Sir Andrew Agnew was famous for giving broad hints. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote: Sir Andrew having been pestered some time by an impertinent intruder, it was one day remarked to the baronet by a friend that this man no longer appeared in his company, and asked how he contrived to get rid of him. "In troth," replied the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chiel a broad hint." "A broad hint?" replied the friend, "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint." "By my faith, he was opposed to take it," answered Sir Andrew, "for the fallow would not gang out by the door, so I threw him out of the window."

Now do our young maidens exhibit a fondness for sitting up late o' nights to watch the comet, and have some one to sit up with them to help them do it.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A fire in Oshkosh, Wis., originated in Main street, near the Beckwith House, and spread northward in Main street for half a mile and westward to the lake. Some buildings east of Main street were also destroyed. The buildings destroyed are mostly dwellings, with some stores and factories. The loss is estimated at a million and a half of dollars. This is the third time the city of Oshkosh has been burned, twice being fired by desperadoes whom the authorities had offended by ordering them from the city. . . Mrs. Smith, wife of P. H. Smith, living ten miles east of Kansas City, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, gave heavy doses of strychnine to her daughter, aged six years, and her baby aged 4 months, and then took a large quantity herself. The mother and baby died, but the little daughter will recover. . . . George H. Power, who owns a ferry between Athens and Hudson, was tried in the United States District Court on charge of delaying a United States mail carrier in charging him such an exorbitant price for passage that he was compelled to row across the river. The penalty is $10 for every ten minutes' delay, and Mr. Power is sued for $3,000 damages . . One of the ladies employed as a counter in the national bank redemption division of the Treasury Department at Washington, discovered among the notes sent for redemption one of the counterfeit five hundred dollar bills originally discovered at the Treasury Department about a year ago. It was so perfect that several of the most experienced clerks in the Treasurer's office thought it was genuine, but upon reference to the engraving and printing division, it was after an examination pronounced a counterfeit. The note will be branded and returned to the national bank from which it was received.

Prince Bismarck appeared at the Public Gardens the night of the assassination, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm. In response to the demands of the concourse, the Chancellor appeared and made a speech. After expressing his thanks for the demonstration, he said the attempt on his life was not aimed at his person, but at the cause he represented. In conclusion, he proposed cheers for the German Empire and the Allied German Princes. The people responded, giving repeated cheers for Bismarck. There was a thanksgiving service in the Protestant Church for the providential escape of the Chancellor. It is reported that Kullman has confessed that he intended to assassinate the Prince, and that he has used expressions indicating that others are implicated in his scheme . . Chicago has had a narrow escape from total destruction. A fire started in a small frame house and swept through the wealthy part of the city, burning the Post-Office, churches, stores and dwelling houses and rendering a thousand persons homeless. By blowing up buildings the fire was stopped, but so serious was it at one time that dispatches were sent to other cities about for help, and steamers were dispatched to the sufferers. The loss is immense.

The Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs says The Japanese government will take great satisfaction in making known among its subjects that an international Centennial Exhibition is to be opened in the United States, and that those who desire to exhibit Japanese productions, manufactures, etc., will receive from the government every assistance and convenience for that purpose . . The English holders of the New York and Erie Railroad stock succeeded in electing their Board of Directors . . The Western legislation, relative to railroads and the action of the roads relative to the laws, is operating seriously against the value of the stock of the roads . . Advices from India are more cheerful. The fall of rain there has been abundant and the crops are in excellent condition. . The Erie company state their loss by the Weehawken oil fire at $175,600. The balance of the loss was suffered by firms and individuals . . It is stated that if the Middlefield reservoirs had given way three or four hours later in the day the circumstances might have been as shocking and heartrending as the lamentable Mill river calamity a couple of months before it. Although no lives were lost by the disaster many narrow escapes are recorded . . A man went to Evergreen Cemetery, N. Y., for the purpose of committing suicide, and his body was found leaning against a tombstone.

The St. Paul *Press* publishes a statement showing that the total damage done by the grasshoppers' raid is equivalent simply to a loss of about one-twelfth of the usual crop, or about the same as if the average yield throughout were diminished from any source something over one and a half bushels per acre below the general average. It extends over only about one-tenth of the area of the State, and involves about one-thirtieth of the population. The crops outside the devastated region promise a most abundant yield. . A large number of persons were assembled at Port Jefferson, L. I., to see a ship launched and congratulate the builder on the completion of his work. Owing to the criminal recklessness of some parties the occasion was turned to mourning. Without a word of warning the rope sustaining a huge battering ram was cut, and the result was four men killed outright and many others grievously wounded . . . Although no loss of life occurred at the last Mill river disaster there were many hair-breadth escapes. D. H. Tucker's family fled to the high ground. Just as they reached a bridge it began to fall. They were motioned back by Mr. Alderman, who was on the opposite side; but one of his little girls, Maggie, made a desperate run across the earth and stones, falling as she ran, and finally escaped. Another very narrow escape was that of Mr. Spencer Knox and wife, who were driving home from the funeral of Mr. Tucker's father. His horse was young and easily frightened, and, on hearing the roar of the waters, refused to be driven either way. Mr Knox sprung out. As they crossed the highway bridge it gave way, and the waters rose fast around them, but by great coolness they succeeded in escaping. At Chester, W. W. Hannum and N. A. Howard had a narrow escape from drowning. They were watching the dam at the emery mill when the dike gave way, and were thus surrounded by water. They escaped, however, by fording a part of the stream.

Sunstroke.

It isn't the heat of the sun that is the immediate cause of sunstroke. The human frame can bear without injury a far greater heat than the sun ever gives to anything on this earth. Men have been put in ovens and come out uninjured from a heat of 325 degrees Fahrenheit. But when from sickness, lack of cleanliness, too great moisture in the air accompanied by excessive heat, or from some other cause, the temperature of the body rises above the limit prescribed by nature (about 100 degrees), then danger is imminent. Sunstroke or some other serious shock to the system follows.

THE PILGRIM.—"The pilgrim o'er a desert wild should ne'er let want confound him, for he at any time can eat the sand which is around him. It might seem odd that he could find such palatable fare, did not we know the sons of Ham were bred and mustered there."

THE DIPHTHERIA.

Over Thirteen Hundred People Die of It in New York Alone Last Year.

While newspaper writers have been touching now one note and now another of our gamut of sensational pestilence, little attention has been paid to the steady advance of that fatal and malignant scourge—diphtheria. Within a year, in New York alone, 1,344 persons have died from that cause, and over 800 of these have been children under five years of age. Had a tithe of that number died from anything resembling cholera or yellow fever, says the *Times*, we should have had a public scare which would have compelled such a cleaning out of tenements, flushing of sewers, and clearing away of street filth as has not been witnessed for many years.

It is somewhat difficult to explain why New York should have attained so fatal a pre-eminence in the ravages of diphtheria. The disease is comparatively a new one in the records of medical science, though something resembling it was fatally prevalent two centuries ago. Washington is believed to have died of it; in his time, however, it was called "acute laryngitis." It is but a few years ago since its ravages in the north of France introduced it to medical observation under the name of the "Boulogne sore throat." Since that time physicians in both hemispheres have had too many opportunities of investigating its symptoms; and the difference between its true and spurious forms, as well as the proper measures for its treatment, is probably as well known to doctors of education and experience as any branch of their profession. Unfortunately there are physicians who practice among the tenement-houses, where diphtheria proves most fatal, who have neither the education nor experience for dealing effectively with such a disease. At the same time, it must be remembered that the spread of diphtheria is greatly assisted by a neglect of ordinary precautions on the part of the people themselves. For example, one child in a family may be stricken with the complaint, and yet the parents will never dream of using the ordinary precaution of keeping the rest of their children from carrying the infection into a public school or disseminating it among their companions. A child may attend school while still suffering from the early symptoms of the complaint, and yet teachers will not consider it as part of their business to see that sickly pupils are at once sent home. The filthy streets, the badly constructed sewers, and the old water-courses of the city help the fatal luxuriance of diphtheria. So do the untidy habits of laboring men's wives, the neglect of ventilation in their homes, and the pestilence-nourishing filth which is allowed to cling to floors, walls, and furniture, to rot in backyards, and to make stairs and passages as unwholesome as the stagnant pools before the doors. The means of checking the progress of the malady must adapt themselves to the causes that foster it. Neither lie beyond easy reach, if people will only waken up to a perception of the fact that the occasion calls for an unusual display both of public and private energy.

The "Unloaded" Pistol Again.

Mrs. Margaret W. Smith, accompanied by her son, Sherman W. Smith, left her residence in Boston for the purpose of visiting her brother, a Mr. Watson, in Washington street. It appears that Mr. Watson had recently begun business at the above place, and after inspecting various articles in the store the attention of the lady was called by her brother to a new sewing-machine. She procured a piece of cloth, and soon was busily engaged in operating the machine, paying but little attention to her son. In a money drawer under the counter was a loaded pistol, and the lad soon found the weapon and began amusing himself by attempting to discharge it. His mother once or twice ordered him to return the pistol to the place from whence he took it, but the boy paid no attention to her request, and approaching her in a playful manner pointed it at her head and snapped a cap into an unloaded chamber. The child, who is only nine years old, then said, "Why, it ain't loaded, mother," and again took aim, and this time exploded a loaded chamber, the ball entering the poor woman's left breast and penetrating her heart. The then dying woman looked at her child, and after pronouncing the sentence, "I did not think that pistol was loaded," fell to the floor and expired. The anguish of the boy on realizing that his disobedience had deprived him of his dearest friend on earth can better be imagined than described. He threw himself on the body of his mother, now cold in death, and putting his arms around her neck kissed her, and in frantic tones called upon her to look up and speak to her "own boy," a fond epithet which, it is said, she usually applied to the little fellow. The body of Mrs. Smith was removed to her late residence, where she leaves a husband and another child, a girl about five years old. The heartrending screams of the lad attracted a large throng of people, who were deeply affected by the sad incident.

Russian Horses.

An English writer says: A specialty of renown in Russia are the little horses of the Mushik. They are hardy in the first instance, as everything is in Russia, and they are quick and strong. Two of these little horses, hardly large enough to be called ponies, will draw a plow all day with a pause at noon. They are now largely exported (under the name of Litthauers) to Prussia, and in some places have altogether dispossessed the oxen of their old privileges. I worked with them on one of the estates of Baron Pfuee, where they were fed upon chaff of any description, even of lupines, very successfully, condimented with some potato refuse from the distillery. In harvest time, when the little mice had to work like brewers' horses, I administered to them some bran, and they grew fat even under so unfavorable circumstances. We soon had some twenty more sent down, and so we would spare them a little, and send them into the inclosure with the foals now and then. Two of them were able to draw the Champion reaper all day long, and get two pecks of oats each as an encouragement. They, too, laid on flesh during the time. I mean to say they are the most useful animals for easy agriculture existing, as we used to work them.

Stop It.

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my"—whiskey? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year. Please stop my"—tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere—please stop my"—ornaments and trinkets? "No, not at all; pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction—please stop my"—tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs me two dollars a year. I must save that. Please stop my paper! That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy—especially in the matter of brains."

The Pasha of Egypt has placed himself at the head of the Anti-Cruelty to Animals Association, in the East, and has practically exhibited the earnestness of his sympathy by presenting the society with money, by giving them one of his palaces in Grand Cairo as their headquarters, and by issuing orders for the punishment of those who may be guilty of cruelty to animals.

Editorial notices are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article without being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the Materia Medica to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, a remedy which is making more noise in the world just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. Its celebrity, as far as we can judge, is not based on empty pretention. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while it possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant and a regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients (obtained from the wilds of California), are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that vegetable agents hitherto unknown enter into its composition. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the Vinegar Bitters, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing.—*Com.*

A Mammoth Establishment and an Enterprising Proprietor.

It is hardly necessary for us to call attention to the whole page communication from Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, which appears in this issue, as at least every invalid suffering from Chronic Diseases must see and take a lively interest in the sound, common-sense ideas therein set forth, as well as in the indisputable evidences of wonderful cures that are given.

Buffalo has several business establishments of which she may justly feel proud, but few, if any indeed, that has acquired such world-wide reputation as that of Dr. Pierce—"The World's Dispensary." This establishment well merits its appellation, "The World's Dispensary, as it is, without doubt, the largest and most complete of its kind that can be found anywhere, and medicines are prepared within its walls that find a ready sale in every quarter of the globe. In fact the foreign trade forms no small part of the business.

A visit to the shipping department, which is on the first floor, gives one a slight idea of the colossal proportions of the business there transacted. Here the visitor may see, as we did, large piles of boxes being shipped to wholesale houses in every part of the land, also to foreign countries—even China and Japan contributing to the demand for these popular medicines. The Doctor has achieved this immense patronage and demand for his celebrated remedies by his great skill as a physician, the superior curative virtues of the remedies he has discovered, and his honorable dealings, indomitable will and ceaseless industry. The cures that he has effected have often been wonderful, in fact almost miraculous, having frequently been effected, as he has shown us by ample evidence, after many eminent physicians in succession had failed. This success has had the effect to give him an immense practice at the World's Dispensary, so that, in a single month, he probably treats and cures more cases of inveterate Chronic Diseases than most physicians, in ordinary practice, treat in a whole life-time. His practice has become so large that he is obliged to employ four physicians to assist him in the examination and treatment of cases. And in the selection of his professional assistants he has spared no expense to secure men of thorough medical education, and who have been well skilled in the school of experience. Each devotes his whole time and attention to a specialty, while Dr. Pierce, who has not only received degrees from at least two of the first Medical Colleges in the land, the evidence of which, in the shape of Diplomas, we noticed hanging in his office, but also the advantage of an immense experience, is in constant consultation with them over the more difficult cases. Thus the patient has not only the benefit of Dr. Pierce's large experience, but also that of a Council of Physicians, each skilled in his particular specialty. Besides all these assistant physicians, in the dispensary department are also employed a short-hand reporter, to assist in correspondence, and dispensing or drug clerks, each skilled in his business, that the Doctor's prescriptions may be compounded with the greatest care. Whoever has observed, as we have, the crowd of patients almost constantly in the reception rooms at the World's Dispensary, and has heard the heartfelt expressions of gratitude and praise which they lavishly bestow upon the honorable and worthy proprietor, cannot fail to agree with us that the diligent medical devotion, patient industry and unconquerable energy that have enabled Dr. Pierce to achieve so much, have at the same time conferred a real blessing upon suffering humanity. We publish the above, not as a "paid puff," but as only a fair representation of one of the first business men of the land, whose name is becoming world-renowned, and whose enterprise contributes in no small degree to the prosperity of the city, giving employment to large numbers, and in other various ways promoting the general welfare of the people.—*Com.*

Imitators should never be encouraged. Their goods are always inferior in quality and intended to deceive. Buy the genuine Elmwood Collar. It has all the edges folded so that they will not turn out.—*Com.*

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from Woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yea, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they voted that MAGNOLIA BALM overcame Sallowness, Rough Skin and Ringmarks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Sorosian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that LYON'S KATHAIRON made the hair grow thick, soft and awful pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK

from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS

will destroy Worms without injury to the child being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

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The Grand Revolution in Medical Treatment, which was commenced in 1860, is still in progress. Nothing can stop it, for it is founded on the principle, now universally acknowledged, that physical vigor is the most formidable antagonist of all human ailments, and experience has shown that PLANTATION BITTERS is a peerless invigorant, as well as the best possible safeguard against epidemic diseases.

Not Quite So Fast, Mr. Jones!—A horse-doctor in Philadelphia was caught changing the celebrated MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT into other bottles, and using it as his own recipe. Honesty is always the best policy. These medicine men like to follow up such fellows. It cured the lame horse all the same; but it damaged the Doctor's reputation, and benefited the proprietor in proportion. We have heard of so many Rheumatic persons and lame horses being cured by the MUSTANG LINIMENT that we advise every housekeeper, liveryman and planter to invest in a 50 ct. or $1.00 bottle, against accident. Beware of counterfeits. It is wrapped in a steel engraving signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

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To all persons suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps in the limbs or stomach, Bilious Colic, Pain in the back, bowels or side, we would say THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT is of all others the remedy you want for internal and external use. It has cured the above complaints in thousands of cases. There is no mistake about it. Try it. Sold by all Druggists.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP IS THE PRESCRIPTION OF one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper.

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Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra Bullocks	.12¼	a .13
Common to good Texans	.10½	a .11
Inferior Texans	.07½	a [illegible]
Milch Cows	40.00	a70.00
Hogs—Live	.06½	a .06¾
Dressed	.08½	a .08¾
Sheep	.05½	a .06¼
Cotton—Middling	.17⅛	a .17¼
Flour—Extra Western	5 90	a 6 25
State Extra	5.80	a 6.15
Wheat—Red Western	1.31	a 1.36
No. 2 Spring	1.35	a 1.37
Rye	1 10	a 1.10
Barley—Malt	1.95	a 2 00
Oats—Mixed Western	61	a .62
Corn—Mixed Western	78	a .79
Hay, per ton	18.00	a27.00
Straw, per ton	18.00	a20.00
Hops—'73s, 20a30—'69s	.08	a .15
Pork—Mess	19 40	a19.62½
Lard	.10⅛	a .10¼
Petroleum—Crude	4¾	a5 Refined .12¼
Butter—State	.30	a .31
Ohio Fancy	.30	a .31
" Yellow	.18	a .19
Western Ordinary	.16	a .17
Pennsylvania fine	.28	a .29
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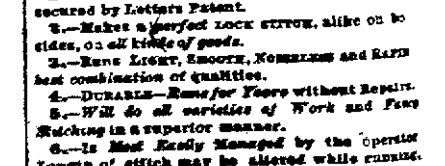

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